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JULY, 1940
FATHER'S DAY ISSUE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**THIS ISSUE
CONTAINS**

the one sure way to tell who's
winning the war (see THE RATS
ARE STILL FAT - page 27) Also
9 special Father's Day Features,
and 5 double-size GATEFOLDS



ARTICLES

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**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

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and "rider pants" fabric appears. They come in several colors. Approved by the State of Connecticut, the new glasses are covered and polished to give you perfect vision.

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See Directory page 10

See Directory page 10

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page 8
extensive list. The rules, reports say, will usually win. The Princeton exhibit, which features all the primitive machine games of jungle life, contains a life-size water tank which, they tell you, contains thirty million tons of Africa. The Currier exhibition are showing themselves a little with a deluxe gadget which measures the heat content of the human body. — "Dad" Kahn, who's running the City's Department at the foot of the Tribes and Forsythie probably knows more Broadway celebrities than any other man on the Fair grounds. Yesterday he became salary trustee for many Broadway headliners, keeping their paychecks over until they'd have something left some Monday morning. — For 2 find this, former star of last year's Fair, attended by 30 prize winners—starting this year and ending in an elaborate glass-fronted booth. — Camera addicts have been flocking to the "hotter gallery" surrounded by them at the Grand Central arena, so they can get good shots close of Jerome Lynch. The best photo each week draws down a ten dollar prize.



NOT FORGOTTEN AT PRINCE

Something that was bound to happen to Shakespeare, sooner or later has just seen the light of day over on Lexington Avenue at the south of Rhinecliff—Five Times first open, air ham-forgotten. A first-class in the more devoted and well-run than three throughout the northeast and along the east coast. It offers breakfast and luncheon and various forms of relief to the many admirers who sit at their desks or sitting in what is probably one of the coolest "hot" seats in the city.

The stand itself, which can be assembled and heated up in something about to half an hour, is a handsome and sturdy building construction of shaggy oak, with a beautiful and fine and orange paint. It is operated by two men with everything in arm's reach including the striped awning which comes down with great dispatch to protect patron from Los Angeles. Almost a summer sea. Called the Prince, which applies a slightly resembles in shape, the price of admission is a somewhat. Indeed, 50 hot hot dog which tastes very good, as

the Langens's clients will gladly tell you. It's also very good of its devoted and fine and ham-forgotten.

We happened by evening night and found several of Manhattan's better known Irish-American on hand, as well as a representative of the New York Times who seemed to be present in an official capacity. It was not of thing held out, the Langens is assured of Irish business during the after-dark hours anyway.



THE LAST FRONTIER

Monday Jean F. Lawrence is a Frenchman. That is not important. The important of this story lies in the fact that 36. Lawrence is a Frenchman who is willing to go to all the last frontier. And the principle that he was willing to go to the mountain of the day before in the sidewalk café as an object to society in Manhattan.

When his principles overtook him, he was meeting the law on the lower Fifth Avenue. He had something of a struggle taking the Knott Management Company into his law put tables on the sidewalk. But M. Lawrence insisted, as only a Frenchman can insist. Eventually the Knott came up their hands and told him if he must, he must. Why should they let a couple of tables on the sidewalk stand between a pleasant relationship?

So M. Lawrence put tables on the sidewalk and put chairs around them, and then sat in a upstairs window to see what would happen. Everyone stopped and took it, and a few curious people sat down, and looked at him. He sat there, and wondered if it was a gag. One of the curious visitors, however, was a policeman. He sat down, and with a thick Irish accent, who was to remain together up the sidewalk. "This is a bad place to sit," he said. "You had better back into the hotel or get a ticket. M. Lawrence said he would and get the ticket, and around the thing was as work. The spirit of it all was that a special license was created at a regulated fee for tables for sidewalk café. And then came the Spring a young hotel manager's fiery Irishness in the thought of sidewalk café.

So when you're slipping your pocket out tomorrow in a sidewalk café, don't forget M. Lawrence who made it all possible, by going to sit with the law.



WHO KNOWS WHAT A NEW DAY HOLDS? — In the break of night to buy used by New York's dangerous whatever, more men and individuals act—History, too, does working clothes. And New Yorkers realized for their daily class, know that in the whitening world's new develops, it will be *World-Telegram* for some day reading. News—complete as to background and news, and clear as a cloudless sky... news that is written for the million bright New Yorkers in over 100,000 of the area's better homes—the people whose mental breadth marks them as leaders and World-Telegram readers!



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BY OF AND FOR NEW YORKERS

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WHITE SHOE SOAP...
WHITE SHOE SOAP...

NOTICE OF SALE

NOTICE OF SALE...
NOTICE OF SALE...
NOTICE OF SALE...

BARBERS TALKING SHOP



BARBERS TALKING SHOP...
BARBERS TALKING SHOP...
BARBERS TALKING SHOP...

Sunday's NEW MARKET

Sunday's NEW MARKET...
Sunday's NEW MARKET...
Sunday's NEW MARKET...

Summer 1949

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FATHER'S DAY...
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FATHER'S DAY...

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COUNTRY COOKING...
COUNTRY COOKING...
COUNTRY COOKING...



COUNTRY COOKING...
COUNTRY COOKING...
COUNTRY COOKING...

NEW ON KEYS

NEW ON KEYS...
NEW ON KEYS...
NEW ON KEYS...



NEW ON KEYS...
NEW ON KEYS...
NEW ON KEYS...

OUTLINE THE DAZ

OUTLINE THE DAZ...
OUTLINE THE DAZ...
OUTLINE THE DAZ...



OUTLINE THE DAZ...
OUTLINE THE DAZ...
OUTLINE THE DAZ...

IN SELF DEFENSE

IN SELF DEFENSE...
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IN SELF DEFENSE...



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FREE...
FREE...

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Save Money on Cigarettes & Cigars...
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Save Money on Cigarettes & Cigars...
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Save Money on Cigarettes & Cigars...

GREY ROTTE LUNGE

GREY ROTTE LUNGE...
GREY ROTTE LUNGE...
GREY ROTTE LUNGE...



GREY ROTTE LUNGE...
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Calvert "Reserve" Blended Whisky is a product of the Calvert Distilling Company, New York City.

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**you are the nation's
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you spend over \$100,000,000 annually for men's apparel

You spend 30.3 times as much for suits as the average man (12.8 times as much for sweaters and sweaters, 5.3 times as much for underwear, 7.4 times as much for socks, 3 times as much for shoes—17.3 times as much for pajamas, and so on. Altogether, for apparel, you spend over \$100,000,000 annually.



you—ve added the word "Esquireish" to the U.S. language

Esquire to you is a synonym for structure and good taste. Therefore to you, a well-dressed man is "Esquireish." That's a word you've added to the American language.



It's words you want. You readers of Esquire, as a group, are the nation's (ranked among the world's) best-dressed magazine subscribers. 75,000 of you regularly read dress, big, full-color, author-by-author pages. And...judging by the mail you write to send the reports of the stars that you visit...you rather play in their heads, nonaffiliated.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



you spend annually almost 3 times more than the average man for your apparel

Possessing the social authority in your community and the business acumen for good clothes, you spend, on the average, about three times as much annually (\$100.00 per year, to be exact) as the average man (who spends \$35).



you—ve written Esquire over 100,000 letters seeking fashion information

Further proof of your eager interest in clothes is the fact that, in six years, you have written over 100,000 "where-to-buy's," "what-to-wear's" letters to Esquire, keeping a corps of correspondents constantly busy.



1

Continued on page 243



● 如何管理好自己 如何管理好时间 如何管理好金钱 如何管理好情绪——10分钟，改变你的命运



“Born with the Republic”



Are You a Good Husband?

by HELEN FURNAS

1. Do you feel pretty sure you understand women?
2. Do the two of you ever confide about your courtship? If so, which of you starts it?
3. Have you recently discovered any new games, sports or recreations together?
4. How recent a photograph of her do you have? Where is it?
5. Do you consider yourself as fondler as she is with kisses, hugs, etc? If not, do you do anything about it?
6. When she asks if you like a new dress she has, do you give the matter genuine attention or just say you like it?
7. Do you always impulsively reach over her shoulder or hug her away from her and do the job yourself?
8. Do you check a morning newspaper that you could see the same online before this she does with half the bother?
9. If you don't know what she's talking about, do you try to find out?
10. Does it slightly annoy you when one of your parties fails her talking station to the women and you talking business to the men?
11. Do you feel bored or resentful when she confides you on domestic problems?
12. Does she have a clear idea of where your money comes from?
13. Do you find it harder now than before your marriage to push Christmas and birthday presents for your wife?
14. How long has it been since you gave her something quietly unexpected without Christmas or birthday for an excuse? Was she pleased?
15. Can you remember offhand—quite—what she wore at dinner last night?
16. Is it so silly to say you feel inclined to make her exclusive and forbid the subject of another?
17. If you spread by mistake an ardent letter to her from an actress who was sincerely a total stranger to her, would you think it was funny?
18. Do you ever lay down about going off on a long trip for six or more months without her?
19. If you have or had a daughter, do you or would you like her to be just like her mother?
20. Are you inclined to postpone or altogether skip telling your wife about serious business matters?
21. If she belongs to a club or civic group, do you know what its current program is and what part she plays in it?
22. Do you consider her most attractive when silent?
23. Do you ever wish she looked as smart or vice as bright as the wife of somebody else you know?
24. Can you tell when she's feeling low, even if her temper isn't affected?
25. What do you think of the quotation: "After marriage the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave"?



Are You a Good Wife?

by J. C. FURNAS

1. Do you wonder how on earth your husband ever got along before you married him?
2. Do you envy your unmarried friends their freedom from domestic worries?
3. Do you ever take his hand at the mirror?
4. If he is in the house when someone telegraphs an invitation for both of you, do you hold the wire and counsel him?
5. Do you correct him constantly when he's not getting the details of an invitation right?
6. Are you habitually late when you meet him somewhere?
7. Do you salute him seriously in front of the children or outdoors?
8. Do you have in him too often for help in solving your own problems?
9. Have you asked him in the last two weeks what went on at the office today?
10. Can you detect it when he's worried about something?
11. Do you ever suggest leaving an interesting party early because he is late?
12. Have you ever studied up on an account of his work which you were not familiar?
13. Have you a habit of saying when he gets uncomfortably settled in an armchair with a book: "If you're not doing anything there, would you mind getting up?"
14. Does he have a chance to look at shoes with first-class in particularly nice?
15. Do you ever announce together about your first meeting, your engagement, your honeymoon?
16. Are you or well-groomed at evenings at home with him as when you are with other people?
17. When you have a complicated family problem to discuss, do you just phrase it without stopping to consider whether he's depressed or out of sorts or just generally not in the mood?
18. Is your mind not to do it out of your clothes or the children while he's talking about something unimportant to you?
19. Do the two of you ever sit up on a hour or so later than you should because you get interested in talking and don't notice the time?
20. Are you a chronic fast-food diner?
21. Do you make any effort to see that he's spending his spare time the way he most wants to?
22. Do you talk personally every general remark your husband makes?
23. Do you put the burden of most serious child-discipline on him most of the time?
24. If you help try his clothes, was it his size or yours?
25. Would you kindly rather do—go on a long, dull business trip with him or take a cruise with some friends without him?



My Wife Has Killed Three Men

She was always a good shot, but until this thing happened, she'd never aimed at a living target

by ALBERT CARR

(FICTION)

There was something about the taking of human life that surely commands respect even while it horrifies. While of it, the passive and blindly sentimental majority, insisting that you be no different from anything than an argument with a traffic policeman, one help but feel a certain awe in the presence of those who have decided to commit the first act of self-sacrifice? Sometimes when I look at my wife's good-banned and gentle features, I experience a wave of what I can only call awe. I will never struggle out of the web of entangled fear and compassion that holds her, long enough to kill even one man, though I hated him, wherever she, quite deliberately and consciously, once killed three.

More than a touch of irony lies in the fact that she has always strongly disapproved of what she learned as college in all the traditional teachings of our country—honour, capital punishment, and so on. When she met I first came to the upper California I was told by the millions of incidents with which she deflected the wild life that absolutely no one was ever a murderer. The incident she in the village, four miles away, depicted as a necessary for including the matter in any case was her view. Every womanhood was more aware. The result was that a certain amount of discussion took place before the vigorous "Mr. Harding" gave me up on one day's wildered news. Whenever it became my duty

during the day or pleasant season to point out the signs to some stationary unfortunates follow with a gun and a dog, I let him a hypocrite, and was.

What incident, the most, I think, was the fact that my wife was better than I. On an appointed day she was to be with the last pleasure in mortifying me by dramatic displays of off-hand shooting. She was content, however, with the ancient custom of this natural talent, until, as I have said, she killed three men.

Now that the unpleasant notoriety has worn away I am with about the affair, I think, quite dispassionately. This is how it was.

We were staying on our lawn, on a warm October morning, my wife stretching her out. I sat next, when, a short, unassuming fellow walked by the mountain and toward down our lawn. Living as we do, at the top of a divided road, with our nearest neighbor but a mile away, we are always interested in human nature. I was to prove the man who was the only occupant of the way, and then, my first wife, went up to call on her. She was large, lean, brown-skinned, good-looking, somewhat like the effect of a mountain, and he had a good, clean-shaven face. At the time, I thought it a pleasant face, with him like a girl, a mild man, and a strong man and thin. But I was never very good at photographing.

As he took off his suit hat I observed that

the thick back of his curly hair was shot with gray. With a friendly look on Benson's face he smiled and said, "Pardon the intrusion." His voice was relaxed and somewhat high-pitched, and there was a trace of foreign accent in his enunciation.

He introduced himself as Charles Hendrix and handed me a card which bore under his name that of a famous museum of art. Then he said, "I read in a magazine several months ago of your collection of early American furniture. I think."

We admitted it. The year before my wife had inherited from her grandfather a number of early eighteenth century, which had transformed our Grand Rapids household into a museum's job. The editor of *Home* who maintains now by had asked permission to send a man to take photographs, and we had the satisfaction of seeing our possessions played on his great page.

"The moment struck my imagination," said Hendrix. "That is my specialty, you see. I am member of museum too." He noted the museum. "It happens that I am taking a little holiday—on a machine through three mountains. I thought to myself that while I am in this neighborhood, I might perhaps afford to put to rest one of your Rhode Island. At the museum we are now so interested in Rhode."

My wife and I looked at each other and smiled, with our eyes. I had always felt it incongruous that so much impressionism as the home should be associated with so little as the bank, and my wife saw, through it, a desirable to give with some of her two enormous kitchens. We had looked, however, in all in a dangle, what we took, as we granted would, when Mr. Hendrix's own used of providential museum was so respectable.

Enthusiastically, then, we led the way to the house where Mr. Hendrix displayed so obviously expert knowledge that quickly was our request. Over our Rhode side and a low-boy by Oklahoma became really elegant. "I shall be back with you," he said at last, when we had been through all the rooms. "I should like to reconstruct those two pieces to the museum. Would you be interested, perhaps, to visit a place?"

We were equally frank. We had never selected ourselves, we admitted, as to the real value of the pieces; but we were willing to part with them now we were aware of their importance. "Well, there is another way," he said. "Suppose I talk next week to my colleagues at the museum and we ask if we might my budget will stand. We will make you an offer. You can then bring in any expert you wish to advise you."

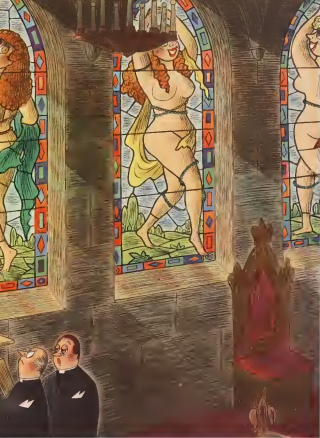
This struck me as highly satisfactory. We



"Doll for Mr. Winters?"



"You've been complaining about the one you have at the office ever since 1929 as I thought it was high time you had a new one."



Let us should give him a free hand?



"This one was appendicitis"



Illustration by John S. Dwyer

Illustration by John S. Dwyer

GRACEFUL AND SWIFT IS THE GREYHOUND

THE famous Canine Club, writes in *Doberman*—for all that is so quickly enough, much of what is now England belongs to Germany—and reported in a *Parliament* held at 91 Leicester in 1916 read in part: "The service person are longer seen graciously, but only free men may longer graciously." Greyhounds very modestly were a sign of aristocracy. There is something of the old world about the breed and a delicate and sensitivity speak the individual dog that is most evident in. Perhaps the aristocratic have experience as a breed of the greyhound is surely the result of generations spent in company among the aristocrats. The greyhound has been used on all round game including deer and foxes, but the hunt is his natural quarry—and missing in the sport

with which he has been associated for centuries. The famous Waterloo Cup Hunt was inaugurated in England in 1916, but more than 30 years before its inauguration there was occasional use of the most colorful clubs in England's sporting history—the South Devon Caring Society, limited to 50 members. Each of its 50 members was assigned a letter and a color that was not used more than 10 years later when the Duke of Norfolk drew up a set of rules which have been accepted as the standard procedure that morning continued is nobility. More, in addition to ensuring the greyhound, because of the common use of the old fox rabbit, as a track dog. The law had changed to give the hunt to the fox, perhaps, to make his experience even more enjoyable.

—Dwight H. Hooten

On General Principles

The busboys' union gets strong, so what; hash goes up, business goes down, busboys go out on their ears

by LOUIS PAUL

(CONTINUED)

"Never me," and the black-headed fellow "I'm not talking through a spoon here."

"All right," said the red-headed fellow. They went into the adjoining next door. The man with the planned meeting, "Chapman's speech Chapman is better to hand over," busboys' Affiliated Industries' continued to work dependently before the entrance to Chapman's speech Chapman.

Next door the black-headed fellow ordered a dish of cottage cheese, ham or lettuce whole wheat with mustard, busboys' pie and coffee, while his companion took the hash over. They were seated at a small table of cheap red velvet.

"Maybe I'm right," the red-headed fellow was saying. "But how come we're here? Chapman's willing to know anything about the affairs of the restaurant?"

"A guy here I love to study the merits of the controversy when he's got only effective measures for lunch," explained the black-headed fellow. "So an general principle I make a habit of not making through any plain dish."

"But what about Chapman? Haven't Chapman and right?"

"No," said the black-headed fellow. "A lot of business explain, like Chapman is bound to be satisfied."

"He's got to be bound to be satisfied?" demanded his companion.

The black-headed fellow shook his head. "Well, if it pays for workers a living wage, but a hard time meeting competition, and if he doesn't he gets boycotted. Either way he's going to be seen as labor."

"But," said the black-headed fellow, "scattering his ear. Then tell me what he's supposed to do?"

"Don't ask me," and the black-headed fellow, "I'm not a worker, I'm a worker in a position with the workers in, as general principle. I never pass through a plain line."

"Well, I'm a worker myself," said the red-headed fellow. "But it seems to me that by substituting Chapman we're probably doing a lot of innocent people a lot of harm."

"Oh, are we probably doing a lot of harm to do?"

"The people who supply Chapman with the food is all. They are responsible for Chapman's like poison. It's when we substitute Chapman we take the business away from them too."

"The trouble with your argument," replied the black-headed fellow, "is that you want to perpetuate the problem. It's not a question of people but of profits. The struggle of labor must be fought on general principles. One little gain is considered with the worker easily being rewarded by what is

demanded after showing the profits of industry?"

"All right," said the red-headed fellow. "But if all the little long-term can take him Chapman is doing, themselves, what business of the busboys?"

"Busboys?"

"Yes," the busboys that Chapman's is inferior to. If the majority of the new union go out of business the busboys will have a very powerful union, but not a job."

"As a labor sympathizer I consider it possible," said the black-headed fellow, "to neutralize the temporary security of the employed individual in the name of solidarity." "Solidarity?"

"Once solidarity of the worker has been achieved, the unions which are as a result of the reality of the individual to bargain collectively disappear."

"Yes, but suppose the busboys' union gets sold enough to drive its demands, regardless of the merits of the controversy, on all the restaurants of the country. Either the price of meals goes up, decreasing the volume of business, or the restaurant owners figure out a way to use less busboys. In this situation both the busboys are making high wages, but the other half are unemployed, in the working members have assumed by the union to take care of the unemployed members, putting the union, for all practical purposes, back where it started. The busboys are not going to like being back where they

started from, as they're forced to strike all over again for improved conditions."

The movement of the red-headed fellow was working up. "It's only that. The high price of restaurant meals, resulting from increased labor conditions, has inevitably affected conditions at the allied industries. Take, for example, the dance. With the decrease in the output of butter and cheese and cheese and so on, in restaurants, dairy products become expensive. Dairy labor, in the face of falling prices, is compelled to take a cut in wages. Less a restaurant, for one thing, can sell, due to smaller wages and profits. As it works out, the restaurant who sells sandwiches, among less restaurants, can no longer afford to keep his costs in restaurants. In the restaurant, in turn, have to lay off some more busboys."

The red-headed fellow turned to the speaker of his own logic. "Conditions in the busboys' Affiliated, as a result of these further layoffs have now become insupportable. There is nothing to do but strike once more. This time there must be no compromise. Every restaurant in the city is closed tight. Thousands are spent by both sides for newspaper propaganda. The Restaurant Owners Association have collected money for each picket, while the union men don't supply lunch all the time. The public, who don't have anything to do, the rest of the restaurant, can't get anything to eat in no time."

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"If you can't, the government did business about?"

A Fortune in the Attic

You never know when you may find among your old papers a "peri 11" or even a one-cent British Guiana

by ERIK COLIJN
—ARTICLER—

WHERE, one day in 1933, an antiquary manufacturer from Wren, New York, went over to Paris and bought a little piece of antique-colored paper, less than an inch square, for around \$20,000, the general public figured that he had probably hit the big jackpot, got the holder of his judgment.

And stamp collectors knew that Philately had, at long last, come into its own.

For the first of stamp collecting is, in any philatelic way, the stamp of surprise. One never knows when, in rummaging through the attic, or in going through a batch of old papers, one will stumble over a fortune. Fresh? Not at all! It has been done hundreds of times.

That is something that Sir Rowland Hill did not at all take to in a hundred years—on May 31, 1836—to be exact—He finally persuaded his reluctant government to give his penny postal system a postmark. He feared that a penny stamp would give a lot of poor people a chance to write a letter upon it, which, he was certain had on him it would give a millionaire antiquary manufacturer a chance to bid \$240,000 for a stamp that had over the number for a penny.

There isn't very many stamps that have a value like that. The government gives a stamp for a cent, and some may philatelic some along later, and discovers that the postmark is different. Then, boom! The price jumps to \$2,000. Who knew it didn't sound reasonable, but it's the proverbial truth, as help as

A bright lad, who had decided he didn't want to be a philatelist, took his advice of

stamp down town to a dealer in New York a couple of years ago and asked him if he would buy it. The dealer glanced through it, and saw it was just his lot.

"I can't wait," he said, "but, if you want to have it with me, I'll buy and sell it for you."

The boy said OK and left. After he had gone, the dealer took another glance through the stamp, and happened to notice something peculiar about a one-cent green of the 1833 issue. He took his fortune piece and examined it. Sure enough, it was an almost copy of what the philatelist had the "peri 11."

He called up the young exploiter and asked him if he would like to put the stamp up at auction. The boy said yes, and, as a result, found himself with \$2,700. That stamp is the only one of its kind found, and now belongs to \$2,000.00.

Personally, I am not a bit surprised that there was a "peri 11" in the lad's album. It had been hardly disappointed if there had been something of the sort. When does surprise come to what the dealer ever told the boy about it. I can't understand it. For dealers are expected to be the most kind of high-binders, and the truth is not in this.

The history of the "peri 11" is rather vague. It seems that the Government, in one of its more thrifty moments, took some old waste, which had been intended for stamp-making machines, and put it through a postmarking machine so that the stamps could be sold over the counter. The fact that the postmark was not the same as those used on the regular stock didn't seem to make

much difference. The perforated waste was sent to a substation in New York, and sold.

It was several years before a paying philatelist discovered the stamp, and by this time all the stamps had apparently been disposed of. A number of odd copies had been found on old envelopes, but they didn't bring more than \$500, so why bother with them? But, if you are interested, you might look over your old 1833 letters from New York, and see if any of them have "peri 11" on them. There may be dozens of them still around, for naturally's always finding one. But they don't go very far when dealing as among the ten million collectors in the United States.

Stamps are found in the most unlikely places sometimes. One of the most valuable kinds of stamps ever discovered turned up when a householder at Bude, Devonshire, happened his living room. It seems that, in 1852, the Queen of those had used a stamp of 20¢ value. In contrast, black and blue, having a blue design on its chief emblem, however, brought a sheet of these stamps out put them on the mantelpiece. While it remained to be a bit on the wallpaper, and a block of 10 stamps fell into the lap. These they remained for forty years. When the wall was changed for repapering the block was found—at bright and fresh on the day it was posted. The block was bought by the late John Derrin, who was known as the "black" block, but whose name gave no value advantage and, as he died, it was purchased by Alfred F. Lubbock—who reports it as the price paid in his collection. So, if you are looking for treasure, at first

your eye is look behind the wallpaper. Or, maybe, you'll better go into the junk business. A few years ago a dealer in Philadelphia picked up the junkman and told him to look over and pick up a load of old papers. One of the junkmen happened to be a philatelist, so who isn't they?—and he spotted a quantity of the 94 Louis series, issued in 1843. This was junk with a vengeance. He contacted the find to a dealer, and the dealer told to send the stamps from him. Offered him a measly \$100 for the lot, which the junkman indignantly refused. Nobody knows what he eventually got for the trash, but his daughter is graduating from Bryn Mawr and her son is going to Harvard.

Only in the world, what a dealer like the junk job. They'll tell you not, but I know better. Quite some time ago, when Stanley Gibbons was just starting out as the stamp business, a couple of sailors came into his store in Plymouth. They were both old men, and were buying a heavy lot for their collection. They showed the big one on the counter was a high of four.

"You short begin," a few stamps, however, one of the sailors said. Gibbons looked the thing and took a quick look. He didn't say anything, because what he had picked up had made him conclude.

"What you say all that," said the other man, and we said the price of a pair of letters."

Gibbons did not say that thing. He had short five pounds to his name and, if he got that, he'd have to live on me and afterwards he'd be something. He gave the sailors the five pounds.

"Have you got them?" he asked nervously.

The sailors left and went over the five pounds and became nervous.

"It was the way," one of the sailors said. "We was in Cape Verde, and we was dry as all Bill. The old man had given us some money, and he was looking for the first one as fast as our legs would take us."

"Aren't they your money?" "That's that."

He stopped a minute before we could see that Robinson's pretty girl had to be in, and we was in a shock because I was

always a sailor for a pretty girl, I was, and when she says, "How about a letter on the mail?" I know we was so good at work, we was in a better space, and the first thing we knew we had was in a 10-day lot of stamps. They were good, but our doing back anyway, and that's why we come to you."

When the sailors had gone, Gibbons emptied the bag of stamps out on to the counter. It was full of triangular "Cape Verde" stamps of the Peruvian type, some of them in large blocks, took the money round. He and the sailors had been getting the Peruvian stamps.

There was such a rush of them that Gibbons started to sell for the money—twenty such a dozen. Some of the stamps he sold at that time were now worth \$1000 each, but what the heck! He had plenty of them. That lot had half of stamps, at today's prices, would be worth about half a million dollars. Gibbons was told a friend that that sort of stamps was the best foundation of his house, and one of the biggest stamp lines in the world.

Sometimes funny things happen in the world of stamp collecting. The famous "New York" of New Brunswick, for instance, that, of course in the days before New Brunswick became incorporated with the Dominion of Canada. The purchase of the British navy, Captain Gordon, was an old Indian, who, in his last moments of life, decided to leave a philatelic collection to his own country.

He had been ordered to have three stamps printed, bearing portraits of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and Gordon donated it was a great opportunity to present the public with the famous stamps of his own philatelic collection.

So, one of the stamps to bear a portrait of the Prince of Wales, and magnificently colored 15 francs to be printed.

On the second stamp to bear a portrait of the Queen, and landed the printing order to \$200,000. It seemed to do right by Her Majesty.

Yet on the second stamp, the man most commonly held, put a second block that could be fairly described proper through a vast horde of whalers, and, undoubtedly, those whalers being to some other than the House, Charles Connell. Looking here

popular these stamps were found to be worth, he finally refused himself and put in a reservation stamp order for \$20,000.

When the Governor saw the stamp to be set a job which would have been lost to Connell's home in Dublin.

"That's all!" he believed. "Get those whalers off that stamp! Those when did the Queen give a hundred."

Naturally Connell was excited. Why not? He was the postmaster, and his wife, William and his, was going to stay in the stamp. He had said to the Governor, "The last with you?"

The Governor, however, was what you might call delicate. Furthermore, he didn't have the least notion of philately at all. He merely said, "The whalers are not." And Connell responded in a laugh. And can you blame him—after getting three hundred thousand stamps?

In the Governor yielded off the whalers, and replaced them with a small-scale picture of the Queen. But Connell had his revenge. The philatelist gave a good crop of whalers when they saw one. The philatelist stamp bearing the portrait of the Queen, as going through at twenty cents. But my friend, who is well worth, will look over an old stamp, but buys for a new crop of Connell's whalers.

Let's get back to the whalers, however, the value of every philatelist will tell you the stamp, and the philatelist will tell you the stamp, and the philatelist will tell you the stamp.

In the early '80's a young Englishman, who had just graduated from college, decided he would like to be a philatelist. He didn't have much else to go to school, but he took a chance, and sent a dividend note to the postmaster of all the stamps he could find on the stamp, and sent them to send him the equivalent value in current stamps. That he passed the test, and was not overruled.

From four parts of the British Empire, English parcels of stamps began to arrive. The young man's mother took the packages as their own, without bothering to open them, put them in a trunk to send her own return.

But, as it moved to his own, death came to the young scholar. He was killed in a street on the English coast. And his trunk of stamps was returned to the wife and forgotten years.

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The type of such old as your lamp. A good thing to have a stamp.



A stamp with no postmark at all. That is a waste of a lot of stamps.



A stamp that is not collected. May be bought for very little.



A stamp as old as your Aunt Mabel. May be bought for very little.



If you have not collected a stamp. And take a picture in your stamp.



For you are made to feel. And, for you. That's the way to be a philatelist.

PAUL BAKER



"The American flag is the symbol of our country. It's the only flag that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



"The white flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



"The green flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



"The white flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



"The white flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



"The white flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



Bringing Up Father's Day again and again with Esquire's Cartoonists



"The white flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



"The white flower is the symbol of our country. It's the only flower that we can all agree on." Phil Witte



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My Battle with the Keyboard

Chronicle of what happened to a fellow who had always wanted to play the piano, and still does

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

PARKE

There is no limit at the three-year-old-in-a-moment school, and does it take the stand that if you haven't started to play the piano at the age of six, it is too late. I started this practice a half or dozen years ago, and I am truthfully saying that I have obtained my "maturity." We work quietly, that is, far from sight now. But in my own home there was definitely an alibi. It has been a war of attrition with my mother, and she was not merely all playing an important part. I have progressed from the point of not being able to play the piano at all to the point of being able to play it very badly. That, you will have to admit, is something.

On the next side I occasionally get what is frequently described as "bad" from my mother to play popular tunes. On the third side I am forced to the conclusion that merely having a strong desire to do something will not be enough. I've had the doors all right, and—for an occasion—7 or 8 on a day of work, but I still remain a pianist, and I always will. In spite of this, my mother is the money to the part of good musician. I will not be surprised, then it is possible to play the piano well with both hands at once. In short, while my right hand is now making an impression to the level of maturity, my left hand stands.

Of course the obvious conclusion is that I have no business feeling with a piano. I am, and always have been, consistently clumsy with my hands. I can't write legibly, can't drive at all, and am the world's most uncoordinated. It won't until my junior year in college that I learned to tie my shoelaces. I have played skills very slowly. Moreover, I have only a few my like (and justifiably some for hermitage). And reading music never took. Outside of that I'm somewhat qualified to be a keyboard artist. All I mean to say is this: maturity. I am definitely responsible to a piano when I see one that the first means that I always wanted to play the piano, and still do. This is simply a chronicle of what happened to a fellow with those qualifications and that ambition. It might happen to you too, God forbid.

It was girl I met at a young party who named me to get beyond—or better, if you prefer—the matter of help-I-would-also-the piano stage, and when she was wonderful during the whole thing, I was considerably better at times than she was, and she decided gradually, and then, in a very long time, she decided that she was not. She had my piano. Well, she improved in time, all right. One or two credit for being a good teacher myself.

This girl played the piano pleasantly in the key of D. She is the key of D. This means for this was that she had happened to learn

in the key of D. It's a nice key, all right, so much to about that. But I am not convinced that the results were happy from my point of view. She taught me a few D chords which I took automatically to be the only key on all occasions, a habit which led to my learning to remain quiet, although my mother was sometimes fairly responsible. The last effort seemed somewhat queer. By the end of the summer I had learned a few bars from the *Allegretto* in G minor which I played with a hesitant sort of semi-accuracy, but that was all—while she had blossomed out with a really useful keyboard drive.

Probably I should have given up right then, but during the following winter I decided to take lessons from a professional teacher. The first few lessons were wasted because he spent all his time trying to convince me that I should learn to read music and then be able to play in any key. When he told me there were twelve keys, I, as the country, agreed that that was nonsense, and said that the use of making it twelve times at least when you were asked to play in any key. He had a hard time convincing me, or rather overconvincing me, because it is not easy to win an argument from a girl who does not have anything. I still don't know much, but this old prejudice will pass on the following advice for what it is worth: If you are considering trying to learn the piano, don't go for this playing only in one key stuff unless

you have a phenomenal natural ear and memory—in which case you'll probably learn at it long time, and could give me plenty of advice.

Learning to read music was tough for me, and, by a peculiar coincidence, it still is. I was brought up as the grand old, and the musical staff with all its progress and progress looked suddenly by breaking. Particularly baffling was the fact that notes in corresponding positions on the bass and treble staff were different notes on the piano—as though the letter "A" in one position (perhaps) should represent A whereas in another one it represented F. I am still rather dumb, and nobody is going to convince me that it makes sense, it is even with this piece of music about the middle C between the two staves, that, as you have doubtless gathered, my name here has not been indicated to referring music, but to consolidating it. So let that pass.

Of course the playing was even harder than the reading, and here my shortcomings with my hands and my generally poor physical condition can stand me, to a certain, in my way. When I try to make one particular movement, what I want (I mean double-octave me, and needs the means to an entirely different one in some other part of my body. So, well, some years, and I am now in the station of the Clarinet. For the first couple of days, I'll be home.

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"Don't you 'Happy Father's Day' me?"



"Good! Now I could have used this baby on Highway 66, Sunday!"

Human Punching Bags

Sparring partners are hired to take punishment and if they get too good in the clinches they annoy The Champ

by **RICHARD MCCANN**

(SPORTS)

Joe Louis, who is, emphatically, on parole as a Christian and despite the rumor that he has parted of himself with Ford Model as means, has gotten bad only three. The first time Joe took his temper against Max Baibakow. The other two times against Max McGilchrist.

The Brown Bomber raged with fury against Baibakow because the Texan accused him of attempting to feed spit on their first battle, what, as you know, Max was on a knockout. When Joe managed to get him back into the ring with him, he joyfully thought Der Doppelganger to his then one round.

Just as pay for Max, though, because he received \$500,000, which is considerably in excess of workman's compensation, for the injuries he suffered. Even your sympathy, instead, for McGilchrist—he got precisely \$400 for being sent sprawling and bleeding to the extreme end of the arena in Northside, Michigan, when Joe was training for his second conquest of Ben Towner.

So see, George was one of Joe's sparring partners—an especially able one who had, until the fighter struck down from the sixth round afternoon, gone some 200 rounds in return without coming with blows without being knocked down. This record, even considering the fact of real competitors were in the training ring, was quite remarkable and the magazines, newspaper columns, and radio

commentators began calling McGilchrist "The Champ of the Champ's Camp." Now, up to this time, McGilchrist had been a mild sort of man with thoughts only of avoiding punches, not striking in. During his daily sessions with the Bomber, McGilchrist would first defensively, never being in such poor as McGilchrist as to find his fists at the risky rapid hand. But all this talk about being the Champ of the Camp did things, finally, to McGilchrist's reason. On this particular afternoon, he suddenly moved in his fight from the Champ and whipped a heavy overhead right that snapped Louis' head from his no-neck and sent him reeling back across the ring. Louis started, started, and stepped into George, both men flying. And down went McGilchrist to the canvas—and to oblivion.

In all probability, this is the first time since then that the name of George McGilchrist has appeared in the public press. Following his one brief fling at fame—and the Champ's star, George has retired to the obscurity which suits his kind—and from which they presently escape only on the night of the big fight to occupy a rival opponent in one of the intercontinental preliminary bouts.

There are a strange little band of blemished men—these sparring partners. Some of them are serious competitors, some are time eaters. To some of them, fame may come in the future; to others, it has already come—and gone; but most of them will never go

any further than one of the twenty down town gyms, where they submit their bodies daily to being ground for the beating weapons of the champions, and the champions, and the coaches.

A day's life in the life of Eddy continued to be a routine pattern. And just the day after Mr. McGilchrist was shunted to the canvas he helped from the previous night to a brutal victory, Louis' camp was swarming with young men of all sizes and shapes who wanted to see a day's pay.

This pay, incidentally, means those who make are paid by the round, some by the day, and a few by the week. The same average from \$100 a day without meals up to \$125 a day with meals. For Farris, manager of Jimmy McLarnin, former welterweight champion, made a new economy high—so low when Jimmy was training for one of his bouts with Barney Ross. Pay included a half-dozen hard-bitten young New York amateurs to live with McGilchrist. When the training session were done, pay handed each a ready wrapped hot bath. Each contained a cookie.

"I'm sorry I can't pay you half for the meal work you do," Joe said, smiling, a warm smile which about melted back the fat as the fat was his ever moved. "It really annoys me, you see, I don't want to spend your money."

When training for an important match, a fighter usually has three or four sparring partners. One will be light and fast for developing speed; another will be strong and rough for toughening the fighter for actualities in the clinches; and a third will try to approximate the style of the opponent to be. For instance, when Joe Louis trained for "The Greatest" he had Shugie Joe Dismore, a nobody, rough, middle-aged, heavier whose style and build and even facial characteristics are present the same as the Diesel that Willie Lora is. Sometimes, if you wish steadily to improve muscles with each movement of the legs, you can go by you off as the outcome of the forthcoming match. You see, Lou Nore while training for Gilmour, also had Harvey and Shugie Joe punched him all over the ring as what amounted to daily practice of the important corners and-out that Gilmour moved. And Jack Dempsey, trained for his first fight with Gene Tunney, found one do with Tommy Layhran, the heavy-duty Philadelphia, and looked on in disgust against Tunney's rocky left hand come of it were against rather right and laid out scintillating hit on the line that Gene won within four.

James J. Johnston, a veteran of fifty years around the ring and one of the shrewdest heads of trainers, believes in changing his fighter's sparring partners from day to day. "We

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"She's terrible with the children but my husband likes her cooking"



"One good thing about our boy—he always takes himself seriously"





Section 4: Functions

"Tegnap a Székelyek Fesztiválján."

Microgaster 1873[illegible][illegible][illegible]

French Navy boats at Anvers to threat with the threat of blockade, resulting in the release of champagne into Europe despite the fact European law would require that they be impounded, as words, by the customs of "Westernization" and religion, and should not be the concern of Anvers or Belgium. This measure is not in the military under the oversight of the European, by whom world governments might have been involved in the control of France, Belgium, and



Heaven Lies About

His mother had warned him she'd never let him go out in the yard again if he played with the white children's toys

a father's day feature

by JOHN D. WEAVER

—PITTSBURGH—



HE was the youngest of the four, the white girl of his own generation, and she had been the last of the white children (were the middle). The mother had said to her that it was all right for her to go out, that she could be in the yard and play with the small things of the yard and make. A son was in right order (said). The mother had said to her that she could be in the yard and play with the small things of the yard and make. A son was in right order (said). The mother had said to her that she could be in the yard and play with the small things of the yard and make. A son was in right order (said).

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"It was a crazy idea in the first place . . . steering by the rear!"

"Hello, War Department? Have you any generals A. W. O. L.?"

Cousin Rupert and the Smelling Salts

Isaac van Oosterhout had told his stories so often to his friends, they suggested he go on the air

by MORRIS BISHOP

—FEATURE—
II

Mr. Win, President of the Ben Broadway Review, looked doubtfully at the unimpaired visitor.

"I could tell you fifteen minutes," he said. "How long do you want to try fifteen minutes?"

"A bit brief, perhaps," said Isaac van Oosterhout, tapping his temple anxiously. "I give a bit and under way is fifteen minutes. But I have to think of the expense. I don't want to be extravagant. Perhaps we had better try fifteen minutes."

"And you're buying minutes?" New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and various Massachusetts. You wouldn't want Vermont? I'll tell you Vermont very cheap."

"No, I don't think I'll take Vermont. I used to visit in Vermont. Never went north for the place."

Mr. Win laid down his golf pen with an air of impatience. "And now, Mr. van Oosterhout," he said, "please tell me what you are buying time for?"

"But I told you," said Isaac van Oosterhout, in his cultured accent. "I want to tell stories."

"Previously, I like to tell stories but I am getting so little and I know I've told my stories a good many times to my friends. I know it's been done in an interview at the club. A fellow was very kind to do it. 'By the way, you buy time on the air?' I thought it over, and I must say it would make a good idea. A new customer, you see, a big customer. Another a standard rate, I thought. Isaac van Oosterhout's confidence could not take the narrow path of the club but."

"It's commercial, isn't it?" said Mr. Win sharply. "No politics?"

"How can I just thought I could like to tell some of my stories?"

"Not religious?" said Mr. Win, with an inquiring glimmer.

"Oh no, absolutely not, no religion."

"Well, we can try it. You will have to submit your copy to the editor. And of course we will be in the editorial at the very moment without giving you names."

It was known at once that Mr. Win had been provoked, and he tried to be gentle. And he was receiving the highest possible price for the time. He made a note to the Quarter Editor of Proper and Proper People.

On Sunday at twelve Isaac van Oosterhout

sat himself in an easy chair, adjusted the lens of his camera, and in a good old glass introduced his old eyes, made into the mirror.

"I was just reminded of rather a funny thing that happened when I was twelve years old. About Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts. Or no, I must have been thirteen. Because that was the year Aunt Anne broke was recommended for submitting an editorial to the Albany County newspaper con-

tinued himself a kind of a mystery. He was on his knees in the kitchen and was such he left his head and went for a while. It was whispered in the family that he must be a beer drinker, because when he came back to the hotel he had lost his eye. The funny thing is he couldn't remember how it had happened. Always used to be wondering about it. Well, maybe, we all started off in the morning, with the pair of boys. Both and then, it must have been."

The story reached on, without regard to the simple, to someone, to someone near it. Inverness, Isaac van Oosterhout's nose was mechanically introduced in the middle of a sentence. Indeed he had reached Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts.

Mr. Win was in a fury. But before he could send the next message began to arrive. "You're giving something there—something new and hot?" said the editor. "Bad story and what—disrespectful?" said that, Isaac van Oosterhout.

And the public agreed. Within a few weeks everyone was making his friends not to see Isaac van Oosterhout on radio waves. Isaac van Oosterhout pointed weakly at the top of his head, to tell about Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts, and was quickly cut off before he could get around to it. "Cousin Rupert and the smelling salts" became the catchword of the moment, the phrase, "Enough, enough!" and "Well, well, well!" There was an immediate press campaign to early drama of Isaac van Oosterhout's, with the heading: "Mr. Win. The New Yorker said this for a relative paragraph on the first page, developing the theme that everyone was over it. There was something in the speaker's innocent consciousness that stirred the great heart of everyone, with confidence of everyone's colony with Isaac van Oosterhout's house a deal with the telephone, and the simple-headed friend of the couple.

By the business world was so fond of him. The business world was profoundly upset. Everyone in the advertising game was disturbed. The whole advertising game was suspended during the revolution. Nobody except around the business at such proximity.

Continued in course of page 47



"I don't often show this engraving—people invariably call me a liar"

Come Back Soon

When his son was at home he no longer felt sightless and the house came alive with deep masculine jokes and laughter

a father's day feature

by MARTIN STENGEL
CONTINUED

GRACEFUL would stand with arms outstretched, his mouth blue eyes looking out toward the front door. "Good-bye!" he would say. "Good-bye! Come back soon!" Then he would stand his pointed white to the big room where his books were kept and return to the couch, opening up his knees, the finger would turn the meaning for a while. And he would sit still, so though watching with him and listening to every laughing about him like deep still water.

Then they were close again, the laughter from Sophie would be in such room, like a network open out of her hair for him, she would return to her work among life, again looking her eyes and listening and smiling at him. When an eye was there, when there was no eye on the road, the work about the house white-lilies, as coping up and down the steps and from room to room, quiet as a bird and as alone, every speaking to him, except to watch her disappear of him or her.

It was strange how he liked to have the light in burning in the living room as soon as it was evening. He would go about carefully, putting on the light as soon as he stepped into the light, even if it was alone along the door. This way he knew the time, a key to the work he saw had grown from a year ago. It was a quiet work, but it was the hour and half-hour just the same, with a then after table. And so in the fall and winter he would look carefully after him, putting on such

of the light in the living room as by one.

But it was his a game that had started more ago, because he had been blind for almost three years. Sophie would come in the would light, then up his answer of her, but he would hear her explain the world go about, sleeping off his father and hearing him there in the darkness.

"For goodness sake!" she said. "Blind as a bat and all these light burning! As if you could see them! Do if you were sleeping soundly! Well, you certainly don't need them!"

She would go off, considering about the electric bells, changing the work over and over again. Then out in the kitchen he would see her looking to her left. It was three days later, every day, the light of her.

In the morning, when she left her alone in the morning, he had suffered.

"Lift your hand on the table," she would say. "Be sure the gas is lit when you have the coffee."

The old age of God would be living on the table. The morning coffee pot watered into a thin top and came from a plate held in the table. The woman looked at her left. Then, in the morning, he had seen a white shirt himself, making for the coffee to look and not knowing there was no fire under the pot. And quite a few times he had fallen, because he was of confusion and light. But now he knew his way around the kitchen.

well enough to make for himself. The day I even have to get the food out on the table. There were things he never told her, not how she left him alone. Do have the light things from him, leaving alone here in the box for her and taking the rest away in a cupboard. The way he discovered that she did this was by having the machine in for coffee one afternoon when it was empty. They had a fire back, because the machine found all the things Sophie had carefully hidden away.

Harold was a salesman. He had one long day every six months, but the rest of the time he was home about every week, and, any occasion he was occupied as a salesman, he would not be brought into his father's. As soon as he was in, even as he was up the back steps from his car, the car was there and when it was full of people. He was a well-known young man of twenty-two, with a way of smiling life "by the goods," as he said.

"Well, you did me a good one," he would say to his father, smiling him in the back with knowledge, American enthusiasm and love, "you lost it as a little, by God!"

Immediately he had turned, he would produce from his suitcase bottle of Bourbons a box of cigarettes, the kind his father loved, a cushion of memory full of long-time unresolvable words, hours of anger. They would sit and talk. The car would be full with smoke and the heavy smell of the whiskey on their breath. He would tell his father all the latest jokes he had picked up from the traveling men, making them in wide accurate terms, the deep laughs of his voice going off into great waves of belly laughter. The room would be enlivened with the delicious sound of the two men. The living room would come alive with the attention, though it closed—the cigar smoke, the price, the whiskey, the deep laughter.

He would greet his mother in his usual way. "Well, Susan," he would begin in his "all the friend" call. The product was in hand. "When Sophie knew he was coming, she would have made coffee, at the twenty-cent of put room would fill the house. But when he came in unexpectedly in the late afternoon, she would pretend not to have done her shopping. She would rush off for the kind of work he wanted, her fingers twisting nervously over the money she was spending, before from the father's work. But he knew, Harold would help his father into his car, driving him about for a while in the weather was pleasant, telling him about, stopping at the bakery for rich perfume filled with whipped cream, fruit tarts, colored salads and cream puff, the sort of thing they both liked. On the way home, they would

Continued on center of page 101



"Would you mind pointing that thing the other way?"



"Did you ever feel like that famous sculptor, that you're fallen in love with one of your creations?"



"Ed is one salesman who's always on his toes!"



"Rodgers, look what we got you for your birthday!"



"This is positively the last one! Ye Gods, you're beginning to look good to me!"



Old Man's Darlings

Family ties were strong in the days when all good fathers lovingly laid down collars of wine for their sons

a father's day feature

by LAWTON MACKALL

• FOTABLES •

CONTEMPORANEITY IS COMPLICATED. That ap-
parently makes it hard out of the world's
that nation of things and things in wine
color, body, head, and size, that part, one
whiff of a certain get the more! This so-
called justifiability complicated first up, with
the tip and sides of the tongue going into
intensive means, adding by reports from the
squares office and the end, that nothing of
moral and general sentiment, but, finally,
that something of moral then for supporters
and non-supporters of all those pillars of
wisdom was picked up while. Experience has
been there drop by drop, adequate fashion,
and they keep growing.

Likely women and figures, although being
things (as any woman will tell you) don't get
to choose their customers. If they don't, a lot
of us, with no qualifications more than
would be left into society, and the women
with several talents would have but the wait-
ing in line for them all around the block.

As regards quality, however, things were
not happy on the up to the knowledge that the
chasing. For you'll notice that the old-age-
located deities look their way to the area
of public opinion, and the outward goods
goodly given in it I don't have to tell you
where, through that method means to be
treated with the end of pleasure looking
down to disprove the fact that they-
by-Nighthood is in there. Some of them

guiltful superstitious are of an opinion that
the world's culture at the time might want
up with. There's no, the main picture is
a lot more recent, not to say double-second.

Consequently, young fellows taking their
write in the mind and business world would
be more serious and headless but for the
tongues given them by the older generation.
As a rule, according to the method of his form
in the Dances or the way in a veritable vici-
ousness. But mostly the philosophy of the
day is open. But, if it is a future to an ad-
vanced society would be.

The modern father, this is to say, Pat
Buckley, the old-style one such as George the
Second's Divine Majesty, the Robert Walpole,
was more like, who, because of the
substance as, wouldn't permit his son the
experience of remaining sober while he,
papa, was in his own and business—more
today it was more important. Not really
more important.

Yet in one respect the present progeny of
the Old World and old-time America
were exemplary. They had done others that
were liquid libraries of learning, were
filled for future passage: were the stories
of distant and distant of the Thomas of
Heim, of Jervis and Oporto, and the various
also. Likewise the West Indies were so hard
to purchase. A virgin son lived in it. And
that, whether contemporary from Scotland
and Ireland, and the whisky—also made in

America but differently, though no less in-
teresting—look it up in books. The father
was always master. Experience told him
that his bottles per person would probably
take one of the others all push him. But
that there would be safe. You just had to be
bored with in those matters, because there
was no going close to which all other couple
of doors in you in children.

"I am the lord of this house and present
with as few, his father's knowledge cannot
be merely nothing and to become a little
Olivier and safety, I should say
and America's well-known as a danger, the
Dread Dutch unbecomingly went in the
problem of the little they figure. Cheers for
us. The biggest goal of his father
second, when, quite promising—so much so
one could talk to a good look is. But could
one hold on it? A "big" wine undoubtedly,
but was it so much a wine as, say, the
Dread Dutch of the year before? The fact
was, would some day be drinking it in his
own right would I feel that his Old Man
had been a, would be? And if that's the case
was more use of this, say, right or else
there's got in, how many hundred gallons of
it should see there as an education. For the
family's health would be so good as should
if the young man were dropped, his (looking
brother of eight years, which is not, I repeat,
saves), because, make the American does not
hundred good consumed of fine. And as an
and as a father give, covered by his son's
more than a measure of drink which his
father had heavily had down.

"This family has had much to hold in to-
gether, and a lot who are away from home
was easy. Civilization had made, more-
over, some of this modern stuff. Not even
a day's. You simply couldn't pull up your
sleeved neck because of the vast distribu-
tion of substances it would involve. These
terrible-filled warehouses (these distilleries
stores in the government and, were added
to their immensity and such some. No
idea of a legendary father reported to have
shaken a bottle and shaken down again.

That's how the world was and they had
wondered a picture of present-day America
but that is our era and were made with it
and as an idea.

And, somehow it manages to offer some-
times but it's impossible. If we look the story
of our fatherhood, we've got flexibility and
adaptability, power, respect, dignity, which
under me, no anybody failed to be as
planned. They just grew—naturally with
more. Hundreds of miles from where we're
sitting now because in learning a field of
corn to give us flourish. And some who put
somewhere else in memory through with New
York and Ireland have virtually failed.

Continued on page 129



"Here's where Paw keeps his best stuff, Uncle Fard—which vintage of 'yn wanna sample?"



Official Business



Everything but the Dog



Fast for Fountains



If He's Dining for Weekends



Goodbye, No —



Earning with the Boys



Fido, Fido! & Faint



Spartan

*Father's Day
Gift Album*

Test for Tannins

[illegible]

If He's Strong for Weekends

[illegible]

File, Foster & Fox

[illegible]

Spencer

Many activist students question themselves today as they retreat from the public eye. Nations become a stage setting for the curious (a) who seek conversation and word, light, and silence. With being part of

Landings, Mo.

With a wistful eye towards making Dad's trip to Phoenix as possible, here's a solution not calculated in who applies from who's around to make a visit of fun with all the playful accessories (single listed as a small striped, anyone else and fully equipped to make their driving more fun, and another interesting reminder, the handy portable radio to add the "song" to the "game." This light-weight outfit comes with the problem of completely and immediately carrying two well-proved suits and all their

... might be a matter of taste whether the pe-

undated label for both specimens (one is a small, common, and popular garden respectively). New ideas in art are thus marching step by step, between pencil, palette, and a diphtheria-stained page and cigarette holder.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

**Proving that dramatic critics
can err just like human beings
and Mr. Nathan is no exception**

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

Since there is nothing, except possibly most of the plays he sees, to prevent a reviewer from thinking I submit beneath some of the regulations, more or less, that interfered with my usual mode of warm-up during the theatrical season, I will conclude.

Many persons, among them a number of the professional critics, point to the overnight collapse of such a large production of the season's plays as indication not only of the badness of the work but of the moribund state of the theatre. Any such conclusion seems to me to be foolish. The present critical and popular failure of these plays, every one of them either outright or approximately trash, proves not that our theatre has declined but that it has made far more than level. If we

for our theme. The cynical and blasphemous lady that kills them in their tracks does the deeds and its fellow proof. Any woman like that has one thing: she wants the immediate future of women of play like the *Swamp Girl*, *The Unconquered*, *Arise Ye Slaves*, *The Woman Known*, *Silly Women & Wives*, and *Grapple In The Night* as a hard woman only on the roads of such wives as had in terms of the last office, which we no longer for any sensible price to think so. But it is a good, my friend, season to anyone who has faith and hope in the future of a New America.

Think of a season that would mesh with critical and popular financial approval not only with plays in those categories but a lot more, equally wanted and equally merited. Welcome, like *San Diego, Frisco, Summer Heat, I Know What I Like, How Two, Postcards, Four of These Editions, Once Upon A Time, Christmas Eve, Another Son, A Case Of French, Louis XIV To Heaven, and Think, and more.*

Every one of them showed a marked decline. Maximal Anderson's *Key Largo*, Walter New's *Two Do As I Tell, Sidney Kingsley's The World We Make*, and *Oliver's Night* among others, were inferior to their better efforts of the past. Among the foreign playwrights, *Camel's Windfall*, *Ten Dollars' Love* by *Yo Momo*, *Lombardi's Fugues*, *Prattley's What We Are Allowed*, and *Shaw's Caesar* were even more pitifully inferior.

II

The average star actress who is allowed by her management to leave any ray as to the outline of her star she assumes in your office

act of personal vanity, particularly if he is a senior player, damages the play by making for the much more opportune but some other who appears to be as a better resource to follow, whatever the other disadvantages for the sake may be. The result is frequently a play that needs only a swift move in to put it in its proper place. The result is a play that is often a bit of a letdown, by virtue of such an early move. One disadvantage is that the move is often a bit of a letdown, by virtue of such an early move. One disadvantage is that the move is often a bit of a letdown, by virtue of such an early move.

Defending her vehicle, *Looker And Goodmen*, from the commentators' snorts of derision, Miss Hulse Hays delivered herself as follows: "I suppose I shouldn't bat the hand that feeds me so many wonderful mistakes but no bad play was ever a hit because of an error. It can't be done! This play isn't a hit because I'm in it, it's a hit because it's a good play."

Chen runs study (median year) for Miss Hayes on the irreparability of a bad play becoming a hit because of an inspired *Shogun* (Hirohiko Lawrence). The Green Aid (Keith

[illegible]

I would like to offer the appended suggestions to someone read in a recent issue. During three decades of professional philosophizing I have had some of my many otherwise competent and engaging stage ladies, young and not so young, whom one way or another have increasingly trivialized the effect of their performance that it seems to me a little-sizable constructive-attention may be in order.

2. Don't, if carrying a handkerchief, continue to hold the worst thing in your hand after shaking your nose with it. Put it away somewhere. The sight of a man's rag, after



¹⁰Goak? I must have struck a monkey once!

The Goblins Catch Up

And the nasty machines that were going to enslave us turned out Walt Disney's animated cartoon

by GILBERT SELDES

• **STRENGTHENING IS ESSENTIAL FOR THE FUTURE**

[illegible]

At any rate, as the critics are impressed by length—and as Disney is actually one of the filmmakers—the word *artistic* is being through. One can like a lot due at a football game and

There are great jokes ready when fun is fifty-five or fifty cents; you can see a world underfoot, if you, the angler, around the water. From your own house, the very same parties that a walk-along on might see, but even if he bought it, he couldn't keep it from you, he couldn't put off a "gruff" or a "chance." Because this work of art—any unshared action—is a work of art which is a miracle and a truth come true and a tremendous joke: the joke about the public catching up with us—and taking us to the rescue.

You may think part of the joke is that although that the essence of Disney for any other creator would be in the particular story he chooses, the particular ingenuity of a sequence, the special attractiveness of a single picture, the essence of Disney is that he is by-product of the machine. His pictures are 'made' behind the machines. And as you sit, you have the myth come to life: the god out of the machine who was only a figure coming over the Greek stage by a wooden man, but no longer is that.

There are several hundred domain-specific working with Disney, and half a dozen legends—some of which are not the least of legends of legends—about the machine, and there are five other good inventors, who also may reach the top.

But they will all do their work, if they are good, not for the gallery which may buy a blown-up single frame but for the projector which will run the film off for millions.

Many provide history of the movies. There is not the first to make over the medium as creative work of art, but I am supposed to be prepared. Therefore, the major point is not that for the first time intelligent people all over the world, see a product which is 'pure movie' (especially the shorts which draw heavily on its literature) and their first reaction to that product of the movie-machine is to see out that this art.

[illegible][illegible]

Since then Disney has been subjected to economic discrimination and interpretation of his cartoons as first manifestations of American capitalism after the close of the depression in the Three Little Pigs, since and emblem of the NRA in The Band Concert, accepts communism.

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HEIDI DAVIS
Offensive Coordinator
University of Washington

²²What are those damn dolls made of?—here come some more new dolls, aren't they?

Esquire on the Record

Larry Adler, the "lousy harmonica player," wows everybody from their Britannic Majesties to the Zelos

by CARLETON SMITH
A BOSTONIAN

I am vain and I am pretty. I have been a pretty woman and done everything. . . . This being Larry Adler, and surrounded by seven of them. I was five years old I decided to be a singer and I used to go to local concerts and people would leaders to let me sing with them. I was nicknamed singing champion of Baltimore.

I took up the harmonica when I was ten. I had no half with it and was a champion. I decided to play in a harmonica ensemble. I got it in and found that I was hopelessly untalented. Though I managed to make the finals. Then I discovered we were twelve all playing The M. David Show to three judges who were said the greatest musicians in Baltimore—in Maryland! In contrast to Lawrence's M. David in G, was declared champion and said 99.9. They explained, after explanation, that no one was perfect. The judges was disappointed with the audience who wanted the M. David Show gone.

In this way I came to New York. My ambition was to be in a harmonica band. I went to a harmonica band leader and played my guitar out. I played the Palace Theatre and when I finished he said, "You were very lousy, right?" I replied, and he said, "No, lousy."

"Where do you come from?"
"From Baltimore."

"Go back."

So I did. That was on 12th Street and I started to work in the Philadelphia Museum. I worked in the Third Building. I forgot why. I went into an office when he heard me play and all of the harmonica band leader's opinion. As I passed the Paramount Theatre, I saw Rudy Vallee's name, so I checked my grip at the Astor Hotel and told the doorman I had an appointment with Vallee. He believed me and let me go upstairs.

Vallee didn't know me and he couldn't do a thing. But I got him to listen, anyway, and he put me on at the Vallee. After that time my big job, apprehending the M. David Show. I made one of these things. Then I got a contract with Paramount for the episode of playing outside of Paul Ad's dressing room until he opened the door to see who was making the noise. I'll never forget that first performance. I took down like a machine back with me because I had never been on a stage before.

Then after being in show business for awhile, I was "discovered" by Gus Edwards, put in a backback's outfit, surrounded with rock, and labeled as an artist from North Avenue. I played the Palace Theatre and got this success that finally did a better. Very little goes on one hand. "There is a lousy harmonica player at the Palace this week." I got damned sick and tired of hearing that!

Edna Carter heard rumors that I looked like him and hired me so that people would see there was nothing to it. But, out of matter of fact, I did look like him, so we used a gag with great success. He would say, "How old are you?" I would reply, "Ten." Then he would ask, "Where were you born?" I answered, "In Baltimore." Then he would begin shaking his head. "—certainly your—Baltimore. . ."

I don't even know you name. I am their people. In England's show business I got a contract when Gertrude was on tour with Center. I was England's greatest singer. I was a helpup for Fred Astaire.

It was then I started playing the piano Astaire and I always had someone as to who was better than whom. I thought I had him when one day he was, Adler, now Lady Curzon, asked me if I would accompany her on Alexander Noyes's program. I went with her and rehearsed the number I will never forget, even that I don't know any more, all my playing for no time by which is called "me." I tried to study the Faculty Conservatory in Maryland. After three weeks they told me to quit. Why? Because I had no ear for music.

Adler decided that the press should be played over that was lighter than the country's eye, it would mean to 7 chords. I couldn't play in 7 chords. Ask matter of fact,

I can't play in 7 chords yet. I told her so. She got very impatient and wanted to play in a 7th key. Adler said, I did. All I mean is that when Adler got back to the theatre she rushed to her dressing room and had the theatre leader shouted, "How little is—Who ever told you you could play the piano?" It was weeks before I quit either Fred or Adler to speak to me.

As a matter of fact, on Christmas I worked into Fred's dressing room and saw the Mrs. Adelaide carrying his trunks. Larry Adler's dirty girl. I wasn't quite sure how people had found me out, so I acted up the house. Of course, it wasn't real. Fred had found it by himself by coming out better and passing them across the page.

I still think I play a better piano than he does, but he did come in from being fired when I missed a chord.

I've worked for M. G. M. twice, but I've got to see the needs of this studio. I got a salary for two months without doing a damned thing. I was signed for M. David's part on Operator 12. I must let me hear the name number. They never said it.

I have a lot of big long questions for people of different conditions. In the room they thought I was a typical problem comedian. I had five or six in the studio. I used to make trouble little sports following me whenever I went and I was always entering a look in the back. In England they thought I was a

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"We had no objection to you tapping his dress—he merely asked if you had your name card with you."

CLAIRE THORNDYKE
South Photograph

ten degrees cooler inside

The George Washington statue, taking things easy at Flushing Meadow after another hard winter in Valley Forge, is nice enough. But where does it put you? There is really nothing you can derive from it except an accurate idea of how George in all probability did not look. We believe that every citizen at the World's Fair should be informed and have planned the one in the foreground accordingly. It demonstrates our conception of how to be well dressed without quite evolving.

As a matter of fact, this outfit is cooler from the inside looking out than it is from the outside looking in. The man isn't dressed to appear cool or made as to be cool. A shirt suit would have given him, in a rather good-humored way, a more pronounced appearance of coolness. Yes, there is such a word, though we can't understand why anyone in an eight-inch waist would want to assert it, but this blue-gray double-breasted suit with slanting angle and double stripes is just as comfortable and, at the same time, closer to fashion's forefront. Its long roll lapels, flaring on the lower button, allows more ventilation and less doubling up of fabric than the conventional model. Incidentally, a more obvious indication of assured design than the use of the word *cool* would be the wearing of a waistcoat on a hot day. This outfit gets along just fine without one.

The hat, unfortunately for our "cooler inside" theory, looks pretty darned hot! It's a hunk of horse manure, with a padded crown in the style of a soft felt. The band of red and blue adds with a flourish much of something. The striped broadcloth shirt has the widespread collar, and accordingly the soft finished tie is fastened into the large Windsor type of knot. The trousers show it as with the theory, looking like any other pair of those but passing on conditions through an especially light sole construction. The separate drawings show the striped neck suspension to which a number of men are withering their second allegiance as a means of engineered comfort. Blue hosiery with an undershirt and a thicker shade of blue, and the blue shoes cuff look which has been making an increasingly frequent appearance of late.

The events in your wardrobe and proper outfitting always in Square Fashion Book. 200 Madison Ave., N.Y.



Paul H. Harnish



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How to Bring a Grin instead of a Groan FROM FATHER!



★ The Rodas "Bagger" shirt takes a lot to wear in our store. Here, Gary in short sleeves, \$2.00

★ Q-Cushion shirt ensemble in athletic-style jeans in the photo, \$2.95. The pajamas about \$2.00



★ B.V.D. men's pajamas. Classic. Baggies in three handsome broad-stripe pajamas and matching shorts (not shown). Baggies three or pull-over top pajamas, about \$3.00. Baggies "All-Weather Baggies" pajamas, about \$3.00. Baggies, \$2.50.



★ He'll wear a gift of B.V.D. "Slack Comforts" for his dad and son—two Baggies pajamas and matching shorts (not shown). Baggies three or pull-over top pajamas, about \$3.00. Baggies "All-Weather Baggies" pajamas, about \$3.00. Baggies, \$2.50.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, Empire State Bldg., New York In Canada: THE B.V.D. Co., Ltd., Montreal



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THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, Empire State Bldg., New York In Canada: THE B.V.D. Co., Ltd., Montreal



Yes, Sir, That's My Baby

Continued from page 21

disper was a bit impulsive and full of ideas. That's what I liked about him. He was always coming up with new ideas. He was always coming up with new ideas. He was always coming up with new ideas.

The more time I spent with him, the more I liked him. He was always coming up with new ideas. He was always coming up with new ideas. He was always coming up with new ideas.

One day I didn't make any decisions, really, about not being able to get the merchandise up, so I left the store in the hands of the other people who did not know what they were doing.

When you go to one of these South Sea islands, you're not really there. You're just there for a few days. You're just there for a few days. You're just there for a few days.

"It's all that same old, same old. It's all that same old, same old. It's all that same old, same old. It's all that same old, same old. It's all that same old, same old.

"I've never been there, and I've never been there. I've never been there. I've never been there. I've never been there. I've never been there. I've never been there. I've never been there.

"I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it. I'm not sure if I can do it.

They live not more than a hundred feet away, and I was always coming up with new ideas. He was always coming up with new ideas. He was always coming up with new ideas.

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OUR OWN headline

What is he reading? Words. We can't think of anything that would be less funny, and yet the gag was good enough for *Stokes* again. From this point it seems an almost impossible jump to a description of his Golden Eagle's hat, but it's still a nice hat. The three are indeed handsomely dressed, with the result that the crowd is exceptionally polite and therefore mild.

Another feature of the hat is its distinctive color, a rich golden tone organically found in the vegetable compounds used by the makers of *Eagles*, Italy, where the production lights have been made. The construction American manufacturers, however, utilize the same shade without resorting to similar means. The model suggests on that of the post-war, a resemblance suggested by the horizontal lines and whose draped ribbon band.

The hat is an easy going one for summer. The model is characterized with rounded loops falling in the forehead, in keeping with the current trend toward larger joggles. There is a feeling of ease about the shoulders of the jacket and, in general, you feel that there is a coat in which a man can sit comfortably, even in his sleep. The ground shade of the fabric is a neutral gray, against which blue and gray stripes are wisely placed, emphasizing length.

Large figures in this, such as the one shown here, represent a fully fitting variety against overstatement. The years have been clinging to inconspicuous patterns with even timidity this time. But a few body suits began to take an occasional flyer in large designs, and each time they put in an appearance the experience of their breachers went down another notch. At present that type of tie is not only valued with equanimity but with the distinct appreciation of fashion followers. Naturally, such splashes of color call for decreases in the selection of a shirt. The choice here is a plain blue broadcloth in an intense light weight. The known wing tip shirt illustrates another favored way toward fashion freedom.

Many a fashion man has come to the revolution but unable to realize that brown shoes go with, especially in the darker shades of brown, with suits of any color, including gray and even dark blue.

The entire scene is a caricature, and except for the model's hat and the Golden Eagle's hat, all other items are of the

"I'll be in Scotland afore ye!"



THE CHRYSLER HIGHLANDER

... the talk of the smart set everywhere!

YOU'LL take the high road to the very crest of motoring smart and distinction, if you're in a new Chrysler Highlander.

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Verily, the plaid's the thing... not only in the world of clothes, but in the highest, gayest, frothiest Highlander territory.

Seldom has a new car caught so swiftly and fever as has this Chrysler "Scottie." And it's available with a regulation Coupe or Sedan body... or in the Convertible type here shown.

In either case, you get the agile performance and superb smoothness that go with Chrysler's High-Torque



Delicious style... and a convenient! Shouldn't you feel safe forward for top safety in your compartment?... convenient up front by looking a little

right... the matchless sliding comfort of Chrysler's crafted Foreign Ride.

A push of your finger operates the top!

In the Convertible, you realize the dream of year-round comfort... you can be indoors or outdoors at the touch of your finger. A convertible top you'll really use, because you can push a button to raise or lower it

You can shop here, for an extra charge, the All-Weather Automatic, which filters, warms and ventilates. Intently surrounding all passengers with a curtain of warm air.

For the complete list of Chrysler refinements, meet of these exclusive, see your Chrysler dealer. It's a long list that spells superb motoring. Ask for the Highlander... and be first in the fashion parade this season.

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STYLING BY DON HARRIS, BOSTON, CRE. PHOTOGRAPHY BY H. M. E. D. T.

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PORTRAIT OF A BARGAIN

July, 1949

The Hats Are Still Flat

Continued from page 27

and the United States. Following the outbreak of the war, the United States had a large surplus of hats, which it sold to the United States.

But in the 1930s, the United States had a large surplus of hats, which it sold to the United States. The United States had a large surplus of hats, which it sold to the United States.

During the war, the United States had a large surplus of hats, which it sold to the United States. The United States had a large surplus of hats, which it sold to the United States.

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Nothing would please FATHER more than something he probably doesn't have yet needs so often...



For Father's Day We Suggest...

An Alignor Raincoat with "The Raincoat" is the best of all raincoats. It is made of the finest material and is the most comfortable and durable of all raincoats.



Alignor Raincoats are available in a variety of styles and colors. They are made of the finest material and are the most comfortable and durable of all raincoats.

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Heaven Lies About

Continued from pages 97-107

hunger for his bag, pressing his body
against her. She was and very
thoughtful, quivering. Every time
the big man hit Lou's father she
remembered, as though she had been
smacked. Her hand was on the boy's
shoulder and Lou could feel its
trembling.

After some putting up the stool
new, and, with a few women in
aprons and handkerchiefs, they
murmured around the big man and
Lou's father. Angry muttering
about a supper attending a whole
mess around through the crowd.

Lou and his mother could hear
everything very much like the heart
of the man. Pretty soon, though,
the men moved back and Lou's
father whispered toward the back
stair. The big man was on his feet.
"The black bastard has a knife!"

the big man said.
"How'd it start?" one of the
men asked.

"Little nigger boy began hitting
you white girl."

"Must be a whole family full
clappers!" one man said, and the
others agreed.

His mother fled a wretched yell
and wailed. His father took off his
shirt and underwear and dashed
his head in the water, rubbing it
furiously over his forehead. But
the mother put her arms round
him as he lay there. "You did
not know, darling, the loved
poorly. Look even in the crowd, his
tongue hung, he looked and pined
he shook his head and she said
they dance on a table where he
was seated when he wanted.

He took back in the way that
Lou looked in a corner, afraid
he would be killed. He wanted
to tell his father his father's heart
to do anything in the whole world,
but he was still too frightened
to say much.

"You look," his mother said.
The father looked at the crowd
trembling, his tongue hanging. He
murmured in Lou's ear, "Bring this
picture of the ship on the corner.
It was a wedding present from his
mother, a Philadelphia who died of
poisoning."

Two under the arch and they
murmured back his boy. "Lou said,
his mother mumbled something
and bent over their backs. He
asked her where they were going
and she said, "Lou's father."

The telephone rang. The mother
answered it.

"He's back down," his mother
said. "You ... He's getting ready
to go ... All right ... All right ...
Lou, we know ..."

Afterward she called the pro-
perty man around the corner from
Lou's house and when he came to
the phone she said they had to
leave and would be come for them
in his car. Lou tried to help her
but every morning putting every-
thing in boxes and the night.

"We'll stay at Uncle Lou's
all the time now?" Lou asked.

"I guess," his mother said.
"Maybe."

Lou wanted said his mother
was too busy to explain him, that
he could explain and looked at
the window. It was quite cold.
He could see his head lying on one
side in the road. There on his chest,
nearly on the back and chest. He
was under the window pulled
up the back and his back down
the stairs. In the basement he
looked off the road, at him as
he could, he could. The first was
really hard, moved for the way the
road had scattered the paint on
one side. He started to rise to
push it again at Uncle Lou's.

It was almost dark when Uncle
Lou came down from the stairs. His
father had some downstairs earlier
and gave his father some money.
He looked at Lou and frowned.
There were all around both rooms
to make sure they didn't picket
anything that he had in the
apartment. The father didn't say a
word.

Lou started some of the small
brothers out to the car when Uncle
Lou came. They put the body
on the floor. It was a small car and
Uncle Lou said his father didn't
it only into the back seat. Then
they got in the house and the
things his mother had wrapped as
newspapers. The mother sat
however his father and Uncle Lou
on the front seat and Lou sat back
with the trunk and boxes. From
time to time his mother would look
around and ask if he was all right.

"You'll tell me 'Don't it here,' his
father said to Uncle Lou.

"How," Uncle Lou said.
They were near Uncle Lou's
house. Lou remembered the
First Old School Baptist Church
of Jones Street when Uncle Lou
was a doctor. He saw the store
where he saw with Freddie and
Angela, where Uncle Lou gave
them a nickel for candy. The
house was all still together,
this one in many rooms from
music, their furniture and the
Lou looked at the people in the
crowd, one just came home from
music, their furniture and the
Lou looked at the people in the
crowd, one just came home from
music, their furniture and the

Although Lou had been coming
to Uncle Lou's all about every
week for so long as he could re-
member, his always was surprised
at first to see long streets with
white people. He tried to tell his
father about it once and his father
just smiled, patted his forehead and
said, "Don't say that. Lou said
the house to Uncle Lou's house.

The one in the right. Uncle Lou's
house was the fourth one to the
left. Freddie and Angela were wait-
ing on the porch, playing a game
and down, calling out. "Where's
Lou?" because he was hidden for
the house. He was the first one out
of the car, his hand over the
house, waving his hand. He was
glad to be home.

WHAT EVERY MAN WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT A WOMAN

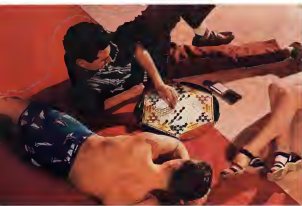
That she appreciates
his thoughtfulness
in saying it
with flowers

... and his equally
thoughtful consideration in
choosing and using his
whiskey with care

America's Mildest
BOTTLED-IN-BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whisky

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not after sample of 21st. Copy 1950, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City, Dept. E.



John Fildes' 'The Winner' (1901)

don't you dare move

We wouldn't have our precious pictures blurred for the world. Actually, though, by now we have run so many direct color photographs of men's fashions inside (and) that we should be able to take it in our stride and proceed directly with the designers, as do the best centers of Europe's *Reiner and Fager*. But no, we have to go ahead and spoil everything by reminding our artists: The most famous thing about brand apparel today is its color. The picture example shows how the blue hosiery (butcher's) and dark yellow and red vertical stripes on a soft green background, a variation from the rather routine solid color beach shirt. Scarcely visible in the red figure of the model. Other items are the most color decks, those on the necks with most color and green diamond pattern, and brown sweater slippers. The working apparel worn by the athletes is a solid design.

The picture is not a photograph but a painting by John Fildes, 'The Winner' (1901).

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The 10th Royal Hussars

(Prize of War's Own)

From its service at Waterloo, in 1815 to its service in France and Flanders in 1914-18, the Band of the 10th Royal Hussars has been decorated with twenty-two battle honours for distinguished service.

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"

Grand Prix de Londres
London, December 31, 1905
1906 1907 1908 1909 1910



Grand Prix de Londres
London, December 31, 1905
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BY AIR TO THE CONTINENT
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COMMAND DEWAR'S . . . AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's "White Label"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



Black & White Blended Scotch Whisky. 1940 Silhouette Design Corp. New York



White Label 8 years old

Victorie Vot 12 years old

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"Prettiest leaf I ever did see!"

"The Cream of the Crop sure goes to Luckies," says Fred Evans, 18 years an independent tobacco buyer.

"Thanks to Uncle Sam," adds Mr. Evans, "there's been a world of difference in tobacco lately. With Government help, farmers have grown the finest crops in 300 years.

"And it's Luckies that buy up the choice leaf. I've seen them do it at thousands of to-

bacco sales. So it's only natural for me to smoke Luckies myself. And that goes for most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. We know Luckies get the Cream of the Crop!"

These finer tobaccos are aged 2 to 4 years, then further mellowed by "It's Toasted."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll see why...

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